The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Baiting the Cows.

THERE Robbie sits before the fire,
His blue eyes open keeping.
To greet the coming of his sire,
Tho' past his hour of sleeping.

The clock is on the stroke of eight,
And Rob is slowly winking:—
"I wonder why papa's so late!"—
And low his head is sinking.

A welcome sound of opening door,
At last the quiet breaking;
A well-known step upon the floor,—
"What! Robbie! are you waking?"

The little face with joy is lit;
"Oh! yes papa, I'm waiting,
(Ma told me I might longer sit,)
To give the cows their baiting."

"Well! little man, find coat and hat
While I'm the lantern getting,
And pail of water, I'll take *that*,
To give Kate's grain a wetting."

Together to the barn they go,
The boy the lantern taking;
Their steps upon the crispy snow,
A merry music making.

The lantern placed upon the floor,
Away from thought of danger,
Rob fills his basket — running o'er,—
With corn ears from a manger.

The cows their length of fetters reach
The tempting morsel getting,
As Robbie holds an ear to each,
With words of love and petting.

"Old White-face, here's some corn for you,
I found you almost sleeping,
And some for Black and Beauty, too,"
Adown the line he's keeping.

"I had hard work to keep awake,
To see that you were baited;
But, Little Red this big ear take—
I'm very glad I waited."

"I knew it was my work to do,
I thought of you, here, waiting—
I couldn't bear to sleep—'tis true—
'Till you had had your baiting."

"So faithful *now*," the father thought
"He will be faithful, later:
O'er small things, *now*—can he be aught
But *faithful*, over greater?"

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Lizzie May — A Beggar.

TWO little girls sat on a doorstep eating gingersnaps. The one with black eyes and red curls was Lizzie May, the blue-eyed golden-haired one was Ada Bell. Mary had hired them to go out of the kitchen by giving them each two "gim-cracks."

"Let's be little lost beggar girls, eating our mournful dinner," suddenly exclaimed Lizzie.

"All right," for Ada always assented to Lizzie's propositions, and was always ready to be anything from a whale to a queen, at a moment's notice.

They rolled up their eyes, drew down their mouths, and proceeded to eat their "mournful dinners," looking as much like "lost beggar girls" as would two blush roses, and so Lizzie seemed to think; for after munching in silence a few minutes she started up with — "O pshaw! this is no fun, we must have a monkey and a hand-organ, and turn our dresses wrong side out to look 'ragged.'"

No sooner said than done. They ran up stairs, turned their dresses, took off shoes and stockings

at Lizzie's command, and combed their hair down over their eyes.

"Here is our monkey," cried Lizzie, as Tommy Gray came curring and purring into the room, and Ada was left to dress Tommy in one of Lizzie's old baby dresses, while that energetic damsel went into the library and, regardless of what she knew she would "catch," took her sister's new music-box under her arm.

A few minutes later a gentleman friend of Mr. Gray's met on the corner of a street, the funniest looking party imaginable:—Two little girls with their hair hanging over their faces, hats one-sided, and dresses wrong side out, the facings and seams showing conspicuously; one carried a large mahogony box, the other a strange-looking bundle which turned out to be a maltese cat dressed in baby clothes. Mr. A. recognized one of the girls, and exclaimed,

"Why Lizzie, where are you going?" But Lizzie, intent upon acting her part, walked on beautifully unconscious of anybody's presence. "Oh, masquerading," said the gentleman, taking the hint. "Who are you, pray?"

In a low, sad voice, Lizzie replied. "We are two lost beggar Italian girls. Our father is dead, and we are trying to earn an honest living. Would you like to hear some of our music, sir?" and she was about to wind up the music box, but the gentleman said:

"I can't stop now. What are your names?"

"Ada's is Montana, mine is — is — who was that fellow that 'stood on the burning deck?'"

"Casabianca," suggested Mr. A.

"Yes," replied Lizzie, not venturing to pronounce it.

"Is that your little sister?" pointing to Tommy.

"Mercy! *no*," replied Lizzie indignantly. "That's our monkey."

She was so sober and earnest about the whole, that the gentleman was greatly amused; and taking out his purse he said,

"Well, there is a dime for each of you. Don't wander very far."

"No," said Lizzie, as she turned away. But she mentally resolved to wander as far as she could, and get lost if possible.

On they walked utterly unconsciously of the wondering glances cast at them by the people they met, until they came to a small tenement house where a baby was looking out of the window.

"We'll stop and play here," said Lizzie, so they stood up before the door, wound up the music-box, and set it going. The baby was delighted, and laughed and crowed in a very appreciative manner. But soon a horrid little yellow dog ran out of an alley-way, and barked and howled nnmercifully, so they stopped the music and went on.

"O Lizzie!" cried Ada, "there's a policeman, let's run!"

Lizzie turned a corner rather hastily, but without mentioning the policeman, commenced lecturing Ada for calling her Lizzie.

"You must remember, my dear, that my name is Cassy Banker. I've met with a metempsicosis"—

"A wh-a-a-at?"

"That's what papa and Mr. B. talked about last night; it's when you die and turn into a worm or a horse."

"But you are not dead, nor a worm," doubted Montana.

"You don't know what you are talking about, so hush up. Here is a nice great house, we will play here, then they will send a servant out to give us five dollars, which we will sew in our belt and wear around our waist."

Ada thought she would rather spend it, but just then the music-box "struck up a tune" so she said nothing.

"Norma" was finished and the next tune just commenced when the door opened, and out came —not a servant with a five-dollar bill, but Lizzie May's own young-lady sister with two companions.

"Montana's fright at the policeman was nothing compared with that now experienced by "Cassy Banker." She would have enjoyed being arrested as a vagrant, but her prim, precise, proper sister on a ceremonious calling tour, with a couple of fashionable lady friends, was a sight to scare anybody in Lizzie's plight. "Run, Ada, run!" she screamed, dropping the music-box in her agitation. "She will box our ears and shake us. Throw Tommy away, and *run!*"

When the young ladies reached the sidewalk they found that precious music-box plaintively playing the "Miserere" as if it realized the situation, while Tommy Gray was struggling to escape from his dress. The sight of the flying girls explained the mystery to Miss May. When "Cassy Banker" reached the corner she looked back, and saw her sister picking up poor Tommy,

while one of her friends held the music-box. Then she fled for her life.

"Won't I just catch it when I get home!" said Lizzie, as half an hour later she stood with hair and dress nicely arranged, bidding Ada good-bye, and she *did*

"The idea of such a scandalous proceeding, and the two Miss B's. to see it all, and my music-box thrown down upon the pavement as if it was made of cast-iron. I think papa ought to whip you soundly."

But Mr. May only laughed, and Lizzie is still called "Cassy Banker" by Mr. A. *Eva.*

Grantville, Mass.

Last Words.

WRAP my baby in his blanket,
With its broidery of blue,
Lay him in his little cradle
Softly, as I used to do.

Warm the pillows by the embers,
Lest the cold should make him wake;
Gently, gently put him from you,
From his hand the rattle take.

Sit unwearied by his cradle,
Turn it from the sunlight glow;
Should a dream disturb his slumber,
Rock him gently to and fro.

Promise me to be as careful
As his mother would have been;
Teach him love, and thou wilt teach him
Fartherest thing from every sin.

I am weary, very weary,
And I've nought to leave behind,
But my innocent young baby
That to earth my thoughts can bind.

When the grave clothes are about me,
If, with wild and bitter cry,
He should press his face against you,
Soothe him with a lullaby.

I have done, and life is ebbing;
Take my baby from my arms;
But, until my eyes are darkened,
Let me see his matchless charms!

Elmina Waldo Carey.

"I'm Gone!"

WALKING the streets of the city of Lowell the other day, we met a sorrowful-looking Irishman, who said to us as we were passing, "Sir, please sir, are you a clergyman?" We answered that we were, and stopped to hear what he had to say to us.

"I'm gone, sir!" was his earnest exclaimation. "What do you mean?" asked we. "I have been drinking, sir!"

On further conversation with him, we learned that he had been in the House of Correction in consequence of wrong doing while under the influence of strong drink, and had just come out, and was looking about for aid. He had been led away again by his appetite, and seemed to realize his plight, and regarded himself as surely "gone!"

It was the very word that expressed his condition. We talked to him as well as we could, assuring him that if he would save himself from his trouble, he must let alone strong drink, and must fight his appetite for it as resolutely as he would a fierce dog that was striving to injure him. He promised better behavior, and we left him.

But those words, "I'm gone!" kept sounding in our ears long after we had parted from him. How often do they apply to poor sinful men! The boy who yields to the first temptation to do wickedly, takes the first step away from duty and obedience to God, and after repeated yieldings to the tempter, comes to the prison or the gallows with the terrible conviction that he is *gone*—past earthly redemption.

That foolish young man of whom we read in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, thought he could do best by going away from the paternal guardianship of the old home, and get out of the way of restraint, and do as he pleased. And so he did. He wasted his substance in "riotous living," and waked up one day with the conviction that he was "gone." Gone indeed a great way from a good home, from duty, and plenty, and happiness. He wisely concluded to return to his home, to confess and forsake his wrong, and to live a new life. And his father welcomed him, and rejoiced over him.

There are many poor prodigal children of our heavenly Father in this world, who are really "gone" far from happiness and home. But the Father is ever ready to welcome them, when they are in readiness to return. His kind voice never says to his children "Go, and yield to temptation, and be miserable," but always, "Come, and be obedient. Acquaint now thyself with me, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Heaven would never have us lost and "gone" in transgression, but always at home, and safe in obedience and love.

Before Tom can come,
The rab its I fear

"Will get out of sight,"—
"O Alice, don't stay
But give me your hand,
We'll run all the way."

"Well Jen, if you go
Then I must go too,
But O don't you think
We might make it do?"

"No, no, it won't do;
This foolish excuse,
No one will believe it,
Not even a goose."

N. T. M.

———o-o-o———

Open the Window.

DEAR little Dot at the window pane,
Long and earnestly stands
With sweet surprise
In her violet eyes,
Clasping her dimpled hands.

"O Mamma, dear!" comes the eager cry
"Open the window, please!
One, two and three
Birdies I see,
So cold, they're sure to freeze!

"God sees the sparrows when they fall,
And hears their faintest cry,
As I lay in my bed
One night you said;
So we *must not* let them die."

For the Myrtle.

The Excuse.

THEY started for school,
But they met on the way,
Just down on the lawn,
The rabbits at play.

Said Alice, "I think
Here is an excuse
To stay home from school,
The rabbits are loose!

"We must take them back,
And then 'twill be late,"—
"O no!" spoke up Jenny,
"I'm sure we can't wait,

"We go by the lodge
It is right on our way,
And we can tell Tom,
O, pray do not stay.

"Mamma will not think
It sufficient excuse."
Said Alice, "I'm sure
I think you're a goose.

"You might as well stay,—
Just listen my dear,

Tom's Dog, Major.

THEY have always kept a dog of some kind at the farm-house over on Scorched Hill. I remember Buffy, a queer, little waddling fellow, so fat that he looked as if he had been stuffed into his skin. His color was nankin, which was very appropriate, seeing that he was a Chinese dog. Whether he belonged to that kind which they make pies of in that peculiar country, is more than I can tell. If so, Buffy escaped being eated, through the interests of a sea-captain, who brought him across the water and gave him to my uncle on the said hill, where he was permitted to live to a good old age, and to die a decent death when his time came. The next was Spring, who went mad, and was shot. And last was Major.

A good hunting dog must be of three colors, they say—yellow, brown and black. These were the colors of Major. And to hunt was the de-

of his life. He carried it to a fault, otherwise he would have been about perfect, we think.

Tom got him of old Mr. White, over on Apple-seed hill—another of the hills with original names for which this region is noted. He was so small then that they kept him in a wash-tub, in consequence of which the young ladies of the family were wont to call him Diogenes. These same well-read ladies also christened their cat, for an equally learned reason, Plato, (Plate-oh) because he fed out of a plate.

In a short time Major naturally out-grew his quarters, looked over to see what lay beyond, started on an exploring expedition, and having a good memory, found his way back to the hill of Apple-seeds. To cure him of this, Mr. White

gave him a smart whipping and sent him back; and that his memory *was* good, Major's after-conduct proved, for thenceforward to the end of his life, he avoided the whole White family and fled before them as one would from a pestilence. Let him see one of them coming on the road which he was traveling, and he immediately sprung over into the fields and took another route. The shame of the whipping was never forgotten.

He was a dog of a fine sense of honor, and any kind of indignity humbled him to the dust. But he had to be brought down once in a while, for his love of hunting was so great that it often carried him beyond all bounds of safety. After some days' absence he would return so terribly gashed and torn that it was necessary to punish him. And the greatest mortification which he could suffer, was to be tied. The tying was not done with anything strong enough to hold him. Not by any means. Security was not the end to be obtained, although one would naturally suppose that it was. A piece of yarn, or of the finest cotton thread, answered every purpose; any string that would hold together enough to be slipped around his neck. He felt the shame the same as if it had been a halter, and would hang down his head like a criminal, and be led away and tied to a post, where he would stand in the most abject state of penitence till his friends could endure it no longer. It was a very comical as well as pathetic sight, to see that large, strong dog attached to a post by a thread so small as to be almost invisible, yet having all the appearance of being kept there by a chain which drew him down by its heavy pressure.

He understood that it was necessary to make a nice distinction between the treatment of sheep and all other creatures. But in the exercise of his duties, there arose a perplexity, as there often does in human affairs as well as canine; and he showed himself equal to it. In the summer it was a part of his business to go after the cows, as night drew near. This he always did, never needing any other reminder than that it was time to start, when he would set out, take them home, and put them in the yard as faithfully as a boy. But in the fall the sheep were "taken up" from their far pasture, and both they and the cattle were turned into a field near by where they could feed on the late clover until winter set in. And this was the annual trial of Major's life. He was not quite sure that he could withstand temptation, and so he chose the safe course of avoiding it. It is no more than many men and women have done. The *overcoming* was not a thing which he felt at all sure about. So he not only kept away from the sheep, but away from the cattle also. He would go as far as the bars, but not one step inside the field would he take. No amount of coaxing or reasoning or explaining would induce him to step in. He kept on the safe ground. And after they were let out, he behaved in a most decorous way, and like one on his parole of honor.

He had such keen understanding that he never needed to be told a thing but once. And he not only knew what you said *to* him, but he seemed equally well to know what you said *about* him, so that it was necessary to be rather careful in his presence.

He had no fault but that excessive love of hunting, and that brought on him wounds and troubles without end. He was often absent for days, and would come home terribly mangled, and the family would nurse him up, and talk to him, faithfully, but it did no good. He was a born hunter. It was his life to track out and chase wild creatures, and there was nothing so dangerous but he would attack it. There was no fear about him; he did not know what fear was; and the more he was hurt the more recklessly brave he grew.

But much as he delighted in hunting, he would not go without leave. When the frosty autumn nights came round, and he knew that the raccoons were in the corn-fields, and that foxes were abroad, he was wild to go. On some bright, clear, starlight evening, he would sit down before Tom and look np in his face. It meant, "May I go?" Then he would begin to whine and beg till he received permission. A word was enough. He would wait just long enough to jump up in his master's face and kiss him, and then he was off, down across the fields to call for a comrade he had.

This comrade was Captain Bill's dog, Tiger. Tiger was sure to be ready. He knew that this was the right kind of a night, and he was on the look-out. Major was the chief; Tiger his faithful companion. Where one dared to lead, the other was not afraid to go. So the two friends sped off in quest of adventures. And fearful ones they sometimes had.

Away beyond Scorched Hill there are forests and mountains where wild creatures live. We know that there are foxes; we are sure that there

have been wild cats; we have heard of bears; there have been dark rumors about a panther. Major never cared. If by chance an African lion or a tiger from the jungles had been let loose there, he would have gone and rushed up to their very jaws. And Tiger would not have hung back or sneaked away.

One autumn the dogs were gone an unusually long time, and some of the young men turned out to see what kept them, satisfied that some animal different from those which were known in those parts was prowling about. After miles of travel they came to a piece of deep woods, and at the foot of a tree were the two dogs bleeding and weak, but valiantly keeping prisoner some large creature among the boughs. A shot brought down with a heavy fall what was believed to be a panther; which dragged itself off and was lost in the thick undergrowth. It was too dark and dense for the hunters to find it, and the dogs were too feeble. Major had received some desperate wounds; one eye was nearly put out, his mouth badly torn, and the bone laid bare in more places than one on his head. Altogether he was so disabled that they could only get him as far as Captain Bill's, where they wrapped him in a buffalo robe and left him over night to rest. The faithful Tiger licked his wounds, and stayed by him like a nurse. The next day Tom went with a horse and wagon and carried him home, where he was taken good care of until he was well.

But this did not make him any more cautious; and his headlong daring without stopping to see what his prey was, brought him to his death. Last summer he was missing again for a few days, and then was seen coming up the field in a feeble, faltering way, as if he had hardly strength left to reach home. The young men went to meet him, and as soon as they drew near he gave up, as if this were all he could do, and sunk down at their feet. Never was dog in more pitable plight. He had ventured to attack a hedgehog, and his poor mouth and throat were full of the painful quills. They bristled there like the teeth of a card. He could neither close his mouth nor swallow, and there he was, almost at the last gasp through pain and weariness and starvation.

His dear friends sat down beside him and tried to do something for him. But it was of no use: it was too late. Poor old Major! He had dragged himself wearily till he was almost home, but all in vain. That was his last hunt.—*Ch. Union.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Sunday-School Institute is to be held at Worcester during the first week of October. An interesting time is anticipated. Teachers from all parts of New England are expected to attend.

An interesting memorial service was held by the parish in Abington, at the graves of pastors, teachers and officers. The procession was formed at the church, the members bearing beautiful flowers, whence it proceeded out to the grave of Rev. N. Gunnison, where an address was made by Br. M. Nash; then to the grave of Rev. C E. Sawyer, where fitting words were spoken by the Superintendent, Mr. Dean, and Deacon Robbins; after which the graves of twelve teachers and nine scholars were decorated.

In Marblehead twenty infants were dedicated, eighteen young people, and children, making the number to one hundred and five in all.

MAINE.

Rev. W. E. Gibbs, of Congress-Square Church, Portland, baptized twenty children on "Children's Sunday." Among the number were three pairs of twins. The young people in Augusta held a festival recently, which netted over $50 In Biddeford, forty children were dedicated on "Children's Sunday."

VERMONT.

The Sunday School at Brattleboro' numbers two hundred and seventy-five. Receipts past year $265,32. Concerts are given quarterly, and once a month the children sing at the Town Hall for the benefit of the Temperance cause.

PENNSYLVANIA.

A sad accident occurred while the Sunday School in Titusville, Pa, held their picnic on the afternoon of the 17th. "For awhile all was joyous; then suddenly word ran over the ground that a boy was drowning. Strong men hastened to the rescue, but before they reached the spot, two of his playmates had borne to the shore the dead body of Josey Bateman, a lad ten years old, who with several others had been bathing, and suddenly stepped off the slope of the bank into deep water. Words cannot comfort parents and friends at such a time, and we can only pray that they will draw very near to their Heavenly Father, whose hand it is that gives and takes."

WISCONSIN.

During the Session of the Universalist Convention of Wisconsin, the following resolution, among others, was presented: —

3. *Resolved*, That we recommend the establishing by our parishes, wherever practicable, of Mission Sunday Schools, as an important means of Church extension; and that we do earnestly enjoin upon Universalists in all places not yet reached by our Church, that they at once enter upon missionary labor, by opening Sunday Schools in their several localities.

IOWA.

A Sunday School has been established and an organ purchased by the Society at Nevada.

HALIFAX, N. S.

The Church and Sunday School at Halifax look prosperous. Rev. E. A Read of that place thinks it would not be a bad thing for some of our ministers to "go to Halifax" during their vacation.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON C.

JESUS FORETELLS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

"The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

SCRIPTURE.— Math. xxiv. 1–8; Mark xiii. 1–8; Luke xxi. 5–11.

Question. —As Jesus went out of the Temple, to what did his disciples call his attention?

Answer. — Mark xiii. 1.

Q. — What did Jesus say in reply?

A. — Math. xxiv. 2.

NOTE. The import of this prediction of the Saviour cannot be understood unless we obtain a somewhat accurate idea of the dimensions and elegant architecture of the Temple. Upon the gronnd it was nearly 600 feet square, covering six or eight acres of ground. The stones were massive, and as Herod had been thirty-five years in building it, the finish of every part was elegant.

Q. — Where was Jesus and his disciples going when they called his attention to the Temple?

A. — Mark xiii. 1

Q. — After he had reached the mountain what did his disciples do?

A. — Math. xxiv. 3.

NOTE. Without doubt, from their position upon the mount, Jesus and the disciples could look down upon the Temple and city. The "end of the world" means the same as the end of these things. We shall find, before the close of the chapter, that Jesus is speaking of the end of Jewish institutions which were to pass away and give place to Christian institutions.

Q. — What did Jesus mention as one of the signs?

A. — Math. xxiv. 5.

NOTE. As the Jews expected that the Christ was to be a king of the Jews, reigning like David and Solomon, they were likely to be deceived by military and other leaders who claimed to be the Christ. At different times there were many who made this claim and secured followers. Some thought they saw in Herod the promised Christ.

Q. — What caution did Jesus give them?

A. — Math. xxiv. 4.

Q. — What other signs did he give them?

A. — Math. xxiv. 6, 7.

Q. — What were these?

A. — Math. xxiv. 8.

Q. — What treatment would the disciples themselves receive?

A. — Math. xxiv. 9.

NOTE. The fact that Jesus tell his disciples that they would be hated, persecuted and slain, shows that the great event of which he spoke was to take place within their life-time.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

1. The son of Eunice.
2. A king of Judea.
3. A prophet.
4. Was a seller of purple.
5. A city where Paul preached.
6. The father of Rachel.
7. A city where Paul performed a miracle.
8. A title applied to Christ.
9. One who was confined to his bed eight year.
10. The first king of Israel.
11. Was a prophet.
12. One of Christ's commands.
13. One of Christ's disciples.
14. Was a prophetess.
15. One who fell from a window and was killed.
16. What John's disciples did and Christ did not.
17. One of Jacob's sons.
18. One who judged Israel forty years.
19. One of Israel's sons.
20. A woman who was raised to life.
21. The initials form a subject of one of Christ's beautiful illustrations.

Enigma No. 2.

1. One who made a rash vow.
2. Israel's first judge.
3. The man who carried away the gates of Gaza.
4. A prophet who dwelt by the river Chebar.
5. An Evangelist who preached at Samaria.
6. Praise ye the Lord.

A carpenter of Nazareth.

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